

Cumorah's Southern Messenger



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EDITORIAL—

GROWING INTO THINGS

By EZRA L. MARLER

LITTLE Dog Fanny has been with us since she was a pup two years ago. She has her own little cushioned bed that is her special comfort in a haven of rest. She is clean in her habits, has learned her privileges in the home and lives within them. We, especially the children, enjoy her and she is happy and content as a dog can be. Suppose we were to bring into the home a wild mongrel cur from the back alley that had never known house life. To him Fanny's haven would be a torture prison. And what would it be to us?

Pick up a young man of the hill-billy type who has never seen a college and set him down in the midst of college life with its class work, library research, general assembly, and whirl of fraternity and sorority activity and see if he can find any happiness there; or suddenly place him in the luxurious surroundings of a palatial residence or hotel as a participant in a sumptuous banquet, and determine how much enjoyment would come to him. Take him to a grand opera or a superb symphony concert where thousands are thrilled to the depths of their souls, and hear his expressions of impatience and utter boredom.

Take a farmer of the plains country and suddenly place him in a grand suite of offices and turn over to him the reins of control of a great industry or a department of state or national government. What think you would be the result—to him and to others?

Choose a man of ungodly life, foul thoughts and obscene and blasphemous speech and habits and put him in a religious service where the Holy Spirit is mightily dominant; the music as of the voices of angels; from the pulpit emanates divine truth that burns itself into the souls of men as at Pentecost, and intimate communion with Deity brings ecstatic joy to the hearts of the worshippers. Our chosen man sees nothing, hears nothing, feels nothing to catch or hold his interest. He sits through

the boring service and goes away empty and unaffected.

Men cannot make complete changes and radical readjustments in life's well-set trend momentarily. No present happiness can come from an effort so to do. We must gradually grow into things if we are to make them fit in happy fashion.

And yet so very many seem to think that from complete absorption in thought and practice which is totally foreign to, if not indeed sinful against, matters of divine nature and spiritual significance, they will, at time of death, by some mystical process of spiritual alchemy, be suddenly transformed to angelic status, and participate forever in the glories of supreme heaven. Bitterest disappointment waits upon such an attitude.

If by being saved we mean saved from the grasp of death; then true enough, salvation is the free gift of God; for all, good and bad alike, will awake from death to life. But what kind of life? The life they have grown into. The Prophet Alma states the case very plainly in the following words:

Ye cannot say, when ye are brought to that awful crisis, that I will repent, that I will return to my God. Nay, ye cannot say this; for that same spirit which doth possess your body at the time that ye go out of this life, that same spirit will have power to possess your body in that eternal world.—Alma 34:34.

We speak of the standards of living. There is the Chinese standard of life. We of the west would not like it. There is the European standard of life, the American standard, etc. Here in America there are various standards of living according to the environment and circumstances of the individual. Most worthy citizens are constantly striving to raise their inherited or acquired standard.

As there are varied standards of living

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Another exceptional picture from Nature's unspoiled playground — Kruger National Park. This photo is by courtesy of S.A.R. and H., Publicity Department.

HOW THE CHURCH CARRIES ON

From "THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND"

GRANDPA LEAVITT was waiting for Phillip and Nancy when they came down stairs next morning.

"It must be terribly early," said Nancy rubbing her eyes.

"No, it merely looks early because it is raining so hard," replied Grandpa. "Perhaps we had better not go on our tour to-day."

"Oh, Grandpa, please don't say that!" Phillip spoke up quickly and went to the window. "It's raining cats and dogs, but we don't care—unless you would rather not go, Grandpa."

"I don't mind at all; so hurry with your breakfast, because I have already had mine."

A little later the three, dressed in rain coats and rubbers, were walking down First Avenue.

"I'm glad you children were not afraid of the rain," remarked Grandpa. "That is the true missionary spirit and I want to tell you about the missionary system of the Church to-day." Grandpa pulled the collar of his rain coat a little tighter. "This reminds me of my missionary days in New Zealand. We didn't dare stay home from tracting on account of rain, or we would have stayed home a good part of the time. We just started out and usually found a welcome where we called."

They reached the Church Missionary Home on State Street where all missionaries receive preliminary training prior to leaving for their missions. Many missionaries, young men and young women, were there preparing to go to Sunday School or to the Tabernacle Broadcast as is their Sunday custom.

"On other days we are busy with our missionary courses outlined by the Church Missionary Committee, consisting of President David O. McKay, Elders Joseph Fielding Smith and John H. Taylor. We

also have talks by the General Authorities and the missionary faculty in addition to lessons on Church Auxiliary work to be used in the mission field," explained a pleasant young missionary who had recently arrived from his home on a ranch in Idaho. "The missionaries are called by the First Presidency from all walks of life, after having been recommended by their Bishops and Stake Presidents. Some are sent to foreign missions and some to missions in the United States."

"How different these young missionaries dress from those of my time," chuckled Grandpa as he looked over the crowd. "In my day many of the missionaries wore Prince Albert coats, silk hats, and carried a walking stick. These missionaries are on the average much younger than missionaries used to be. Their activities are different too. And yet, according to the statement of a mission president of long experience, these young people, like our earlier missionaries, if put to the supreme test would walk forth with a vision of their mighty calling to be tarred and feathered, beaten, imprisoned, banished, or face a firing squad."

Grandpa referred to his little vest pocket book again. "At the beginning of 1939, we had 4,251 missionaries, almost exactly divided between the thirty-five missions of the Church and the Stakes of Zion. During the preceding year they had baptized nearly eight thousand souls."

"Is that a big number to join the Church, Grandpa?" inquired Phillip. "I remember the story of Wilford Woodruff who baptized eighteen hundred people in England in eight months."

"No, my boy, that is not a very large number of people—not nearly as many as we would like to have accept the Gospel," replied Grandpa seriously. "When the Church was organized, the people had a hunger for religion. They read their

Bibles and argued hotly over points of doctrine. To-day there is no eagerness on the part of the people to hear the Gospel, but it is our duty to tell them of the plan. Let's go down to the Tabernacle Broadcast, one of the most important means of spreading the Gospel, as thousands come to hear it in the Tabernacle every year and millions listen to it over the air."

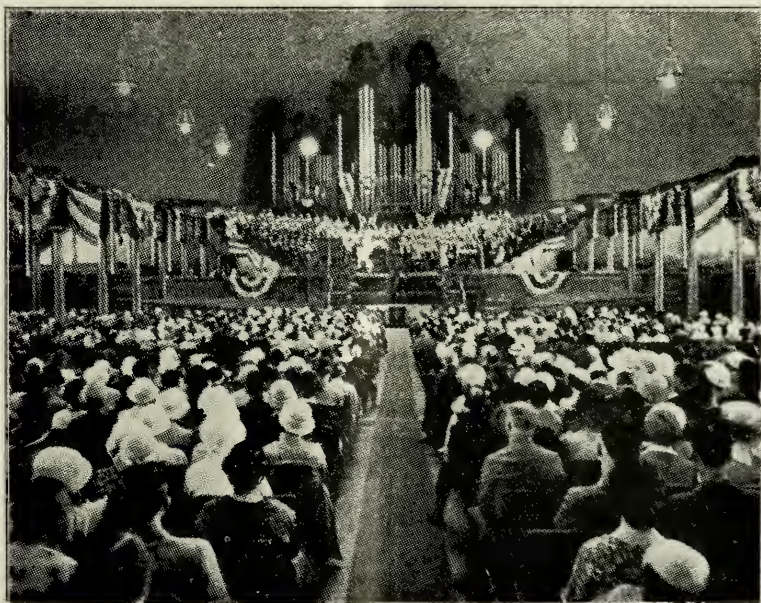
Grandpa and the children hurried down to Temple Square and followed the crowd filing into the historic auditorium. They found good seats, then looked up at the beautiful organ built so many years ago by Joseph H. Ridges, the English organ builder who joined the Church in Australia and emigrated to Utah.

"Those men on the stand are responsible for the broadcast to-day," Grandpa told the children. "J. Spencer Cornwall is the director, Alexander Schreiner is the organist, and Richard L. Evans, the speaker. That's Dick Evans, the chief technician, you see sitting in the glass room that contains the broadcasting equipment. See how intently they are all watching the signal lights, each man waiting for the exact moment when his part is to begin."

Soon the doors were closed, Richard L. Evans announced that the broadcast was about to commence and asked all to observe perfect quiet. Green signal lights flashed to get ready, a red light glowed and "Gently Raise the Sacred Strain" was on the air. When the half-hour was over, Grandpa and the children were invited to meet those in charge. J. Spencer Cornwall explained the new choir recordings which are of such benefit to the Church; Alexander Schreiner showed them the fascinating keyboard and pedals, and Richard L. Evans explained the details of the broadcast.

"What I don't understand is how you know just how much to say," said Grandpa to Brother Evans.

"You are asking about one of the hardest parts of the broadcast," replied Brother Evans. "One of the most important features of this nationwide Choir programme is the carefulness with which it must be timed. It must be 'signed-off' thirty seconds before eleven o'clock, Mountain Standard Time, Sunday morning. And as the words 'Columbia Broadcasting System' are heard, the last syllable 'tem' must



The Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir presenting a National Radio Broadcast.

Typical Broadcast Audience spending Sunday morning on Temple Square.

be sounded as the second hand points to 10:59½.

"On one occasion the hand on the chronometer which I use became loose, and the second hand was running ten seconds early, and so 'Columbia Broadcasting System' was spoken ten seconds too soon. Before I had walked from the Tabernacle to the studio of KSL—just half a block—there was a telegram for me from New York asking for an explanation of this mistake. On another day the Columbia Network sent a letter stating that the programme had gone four seconds overtime. Later they apologized and said their clocks had been four seconds out and that ours in Salt Lake City were all right."

"The big thing about this broadcast," continued Brother Evans, "is the Spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The choir is a great singing organization. The organ is a world-renowned instrument. The director is one of the finest, and the organists are among the world's best. But that thing which is greater than all of this and greater than the lives of any of us is still there to carry the message of this broadcast into the hearts of those who listen. The music and

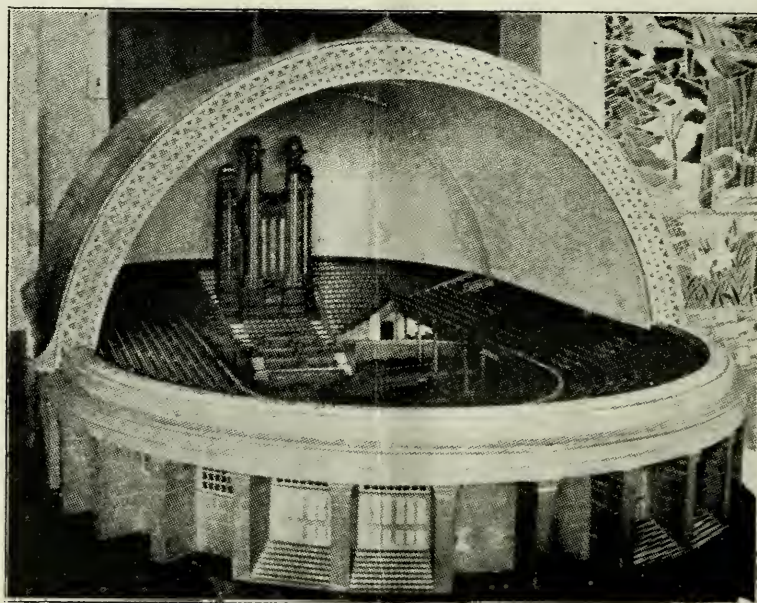
the 'spoken word' have become what they are in the minds of the radio listeners because of the spirit of the cause they represent, which is the greatest cause in all the world—that of bringing the children of our Father in Heaven back to Him—helping them to live so that they will be happy while they are here and find happiness when they go to His Kingdom."

The three visitors were then taken to the echo organ of the Tabernacle, a room full of pipes under the floor at the east end of the Tabernacle. As they walked along the narrow passage, Grandpa proudly pointed out the ax-hewn timber in the foundation and the supporting walls built of cobble stones, granite, and other rocks plastered together.

"I wonder how they ever built this building!" exclaimed Phillip.

As this was one of Grandpa's favourite subjects, he began: "The Tabernacle was begun in 1863, because President Young and the people needed a meeting house. President Young called the brethren to do this work, asking some to contribute labour and others, money. The plan was drawn by

(Continued on page 139.)



Model of the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah. This model was exhibited at the "Century of Progress" Exposition at Chicago and the California-Pacific Exposition at San Diego, California, showing the exterior and interior construction.

THE MEN OF TOMORROW

By BISHOP MARVIN O. ASHTON

First Counsellor in the Presiding Bishopric

Extracts from Conference Address

THE Presiding Bishopric have been going through the Church considerably lately. We see what is going on here, and what is going on there, and of course in some of these places we see what is **not** going on. It is a wise observation that we should not be pessimists. We are cautioned to observe the bread part of the doughnut as well as the hole. Now it is not my purpose in any sense to be a pessimist. I want to appreciate the food of the doughnut as well as the space inside.

Now for just a minute, let us look at the inside of the doughnut. You cannot ostrich-like put your head under the sand and say there is no danger about you. You have to take facts as they are. There is a fact thrown out to you and to me that is a challenge, and I mention it. This is our work; I mean the Aaronic Priesthood. It is the **work of the Presiding Bishopric**. There are **right now 36,733 adult Aaronics in this Church of record**; men twenty years of age and above who are not Elders or hold the Melchizedek Priesthood. May I remind you that the average attendance at sacrament meeting of these men is five per cent? I have too much sense to condemn that group of men. The best gold we have, we shall find in those men if we dig down deep enough and use the right process in "smelting the ore." Now there is a challenge to you.

Another way of saying it is that out of ten boys from twelve to twenty you are really teaching or training only six the way you should. Now put that figure in front of us—36,733. Look at it sideways, from the front and from the back, any way you want to look at it! It is there staring us straight in the eye. Someone has said, "Let us have the strength to face a fact though it kills us." Let us face the facts.

Now what about your pedagogy, what about your human kindness, what about your **boys' men**—ability, and all the rest of the virtues that we oftentimes brag about? I ask

you the question, where is it all? Where are those other four? Why don't we touch their lives more successfully than we do?

Sometimes I think we give the boys an **acid test** and a **burning test**. Let me explain what I understand that means: If you will take a bone that has stood on an anthill for three or more years (I don't care how dry it is), and you soak it in muriatic acid, as dry as that bone is you can tie it in a knot. You have nothing but gristle or animal matter left. Now take what you have left and put the torch under it and you haven't very much left of that bone. The muriatic acid in one case eats up the mineral or the lime, and the burning eats up the animal matter.

Now that is just what some of us do with boys. I am looking now at the inside of the doughnut. I am looking at those things we do **not** do. I am keeping in mind all the time some of the fine things that we do. You give the boy the acid test and then the burning test. Now let us see what we mean by the acid test. Here is one:—You give the boy improper supervision. Someone has said, "We are not **shepherds**, we are **sheep herders**." We "**taketh**" them **not down into green pastures, but we draggeth**" them over cacti and rocks, and before we get through with them, their **mouths are bleeding from briars and thorns** we "**suffereth**" them to eat. Sometimes if you get a good boys' man for the boys, along comes a petty vacancy in the Branch and you let him go. Somebody suffers. There is not a bigger job in this Church than taking care of these boys. **The boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow.**

When you see these figures—just four out of ten—you may think of that poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and say to yourself, "**Someone has blundered.**" We'll have to wake up; we'll have to put more life into our stewardship, if you please, of these boys.

(Continued on page 140.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL SACRAMENT GEM AND CONCERT RECITATIONS FOR SEPT., 1941

SACRAMENT GEM.

Thy Sacrifice, O Saviour dear,
And death on Calvary,
Hath given me Salvation's cheer,
And I remember Thee.

GOSPEL DOCTRINE.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—I Corinthians, Chapter 2, Verse 9.

GOSPEL MESSAGE.

"... God is no respecter of persons: But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."—Acts, Chapter 10, Verses 34-35.

SENIORS.

Jesus said, "Be meek and lowly,"
For 'tis high to be a judge;
If I would be pure and holy,
I must love without a grudge.

JUNIORS.

"No man putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment, for that which is put in to fill up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse."

—Matthew, Chapter 9, Verse 16.

INTERMEDIATE CLASSES.

We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.—Eighth Article of Faith.

PRIMARY.

I'll serve the Lord while I am young,
And, in my early days,
Devote the music of my tongue
To my Redeemer's praise.

KINDERGARTEN.

There is a voice inside us
It tells us what to do
It helps us to be happy
All the long day through.

BRANCH TEACHERS' MESSAGE FOR SEPTEMBER, 1941

MAINTAINING LATTER-DAY SAINT STANDARDS

The Gospel of Jesus Christ has been given to the children of men for their benefit and blessing. The principles of the Gospel are intended to be a guide to those who accept them by which to order their lives and govern their relationships with others.

The terrible conditions which exist in the world to-day have come because the principles of truth and righteousness, as taught in the Gospel, have been ignored and transgressed.

It is the duty of every member of the Church not only to abide by the teachings of the Gospel but also to take advantage of every opportunity to influence others to do likewise.

Members of the Church are advised not to become members of secret societies. It is impossible to be loyal to both the Church and a secret order at the same time.

Where members belong to trade associations, labour unions, farm organizations, or other groups, they should not join in, or become parties to, actions which are not based upon the principles of righteousness.

With selfishness, greed, and desire for power and domination over others rampant in the world, Latter-day Saints have the responsibility of tempering drastic and unreasonable action, of counselling moderation and fairness, of urging obedience to law and order, and of creating and maintaining good will and the true spirit of brotherhood.

The principles of the Gospel, which have been given to us in their fulness, should make us a light unto the world, a leavening influence, and a power for righteousness. We should never forget to be Latter-day Saints first.

Growing Into Things.—Continued from page 130. here, so there will be hereafter. The standard by which we shall live or the degree of exaltation to which we shall attain, is that which we shall have grown into.

Those whose whole thought and attention is absorbed in making money or in other distinctly mundane affairs; who never ponder things divine nor seek communion with God; who have no time to respond to calls for service in the church—such persons are not growing into a character pattern that will fit into celestial environment.

Those who befoul their breath and defile their bodies with those things that God for more than a hundred years has told us we should not use; are not growing into a strength of moral will, into cleanliness and virility of physical body commensurate with heavenly requirements.

Those who are not willing to sacrifice the things they would like to enjoy on earth, in order to make deposits in the Bank of Heaven—who feel that they “can’t afford” to be honest with the Lord—have not yet in

their souls the genius of the Gospel of Him who gave His life for them. They are not growing into a complete confidence in and allegiance to Him who has promised blessings to the faithful beyond their power to comprehend.

Those who have received the light of the Gospel and been commissioned with authority to act for God on the earth and then bury their divine gifts in the grave of indifference and neglect are not growing into positions of tried and proved integrity and acquired experience needful to qualify them to reign and rule as kings and priests in the eternal Kingdom of God.

Only as we become like God and heavenly beings can we appreciate an association with them. Only as we understand God and the principles by which He lives and works can we become like Him. Such understanding will come only as we strive, study, ponder, pray, obey, and live by the light as it comes to us.

All the heaven we shall ever enjoy we must grow into.

WHAT IS THE GOSPEL

By **MAY RAYNER**



SO often you hear these words, "The Gospel means so much to me" or "The Gospel brings me comfort and joy." What do we mean by "The Gospel"? It is not tangible, we cannot see it, yet we know that it exists. Liken it to the wind, which cannot be seen but we know for a surety it is there as we can see the effect the wind has on the swaying leaves and on the moving clouds, causing changes to appear which we can see and feel, just so is the Gospel.

The dictionary gives several definitions of the meaning of the word "Gospel." The first is "Good news concerning Christ and His Salvation," the second, "A system of religious truth." It is on the latter I wish to enlarge upon. In this system we have the teachings and principles of Jesus Christ taught to us to-day, in no way changed, as when He was personally on the earth. The teachings being founded upon truth and truth being eternal, will naturally remain unchanged throughout the ages. There is no substitute for TRUTH.

We find that this system of religious truth is so organized as to take care of our every need, catering for every part and phase of our lives; temporal, social, mental and above all spiritual. It is a gauge whereby we can measure our shortcomings and correct them.

We can look upon the Gospel as a standard of living, containing all truth given us by God, to enable us to live better, nobler lives and to bring about His purposes upon the earth. It is a purifying process that we pass through to become better men and women.

Take "The Gospel" as a "Cause"; we all know the law of cause and effect and know that any law based on truth, when applied, will bring about the same effect. The

Gospel then as the cause of truth and righteousness, when applied brings mankind to repentance and baptism and a desire to live the laws of Christ. This effect has been brought about in thousands of lives since the restoration of the Gospel, and will continue to do so until the purposes of God have been fulfilled.

The Gospel, or standard of living, will make every man or woman a little more God-like and is bound to bring these changes about when applied correctly, as it contains His teachings and principles which are based on Truth. Truth being unchangeable is sure to have the same effect in every life. Remember that it is the unchangeable system God used in His progress throughout the ages. We have been told "As man is God once was and as God is man may become." God has handed on to us this system of religious truth which has been proved without a doubt.

The Gospel is life itself, being based on eternal truth, through being brought to the waters of baptism by this system we embrace the truths, we accept the teachings and principles, we apply them in our lives and we receive the power of God through the covenants we make with Him.

This power of God, we have with us every day of our lives. Let us live so as to keep this wonderful power with us in our journey through life, leading, guiding and directing us for our own good. We can then begin to understand that "The Gospel" is the "power of God unto Salvation" to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.

How The Church Carries On.—Continued from page 134.

William H. Folsom and Henry Grow under the direction of Brigham Young, using for the roof the Remington patent arch which Mr. Grow, who was a bridge builder, had already tried out in a bridge over the Jordan River. I remember my father's telling how they worked on this building. They got the timber and the sandstone from the mountains east of Salt Lake City. One the hardest jobs was getting the big stones for the buttresses and foundations. These stones were placed on heavy drays with two large wheels. Sometimes it took two or three yoke of oxen many days to haul one rock from the quarry to the Temple Grounds. Masons, carpenters, and plasterers were brought from all parts of the Territory. In four years the building was ready for the first services. People came from all parts of the surrounding country to attend, many of them walking hundreds of miles."

From the echo organ they went to see the inside of the organ which is divided into rooms or chambers of various sizes.

"There are approximately seven thousand pipes in the organ," said John Toronto, who has tuned the organ for many years. "These pipes range from thirty-two feet in length to one of the size of an ordinary nail."

"Thirty-two feet" exclaimed Grandpa in surprise.

"Yes, that sounds like a long pipe but it doesn't have to be straight. We can twist it around in various shapes and still it has the proper tone."

"But how do you keep it in tune?" asked Nancy, who found it difficult to keep the four strings of her violin on pitch.

"Oh, that's easy," said Phillip. "I've watched them tune our piano. They put a sort of wrench on the keys and tighten or loosen the strings."

Grandpa laughed, "Ah, but you're dealing with pipes in this case, not strings. I could never guess how they tune those thousands of pipes, especially as some are made of metal and some of wood. I'll give up. Won't you please tell us how you do it?"

"The principle of the tuning is really quite simple, but it requires hours and hours

of painstaking testing and checking," answered Brother Toronto. "The pipes are somewhat like a toy whistle. When they are made of metal they have a small sleeve which changes the pitch of the pipe when pushed up or down, thus lengthening or shortening the pipes. In the wooden pipe is a wooden stopper at the top which is adjusted up or down to get the proper pitch. When we tune the organ we use a set of seventy-three pipes which have been tuned perfectly and adjust the other pipes of the organ according to them. Would you like to peep into the blower room? You will find that interesting also."

They went into another little room which holds the electrical equipment for the organ and the blowers. The blowers consist of two fifteen horse-power motors which force air up through the pipes to make the organ play.

"In the early days," explained George Margetts who has been an usher in the Tabernacle for fifty-eight years, "air was pumped into the organ by one man working on a lever, like a blacksmith uses his bellows. They say he dropped off to sleep a few times and the organ couldn't play until he was waked up."

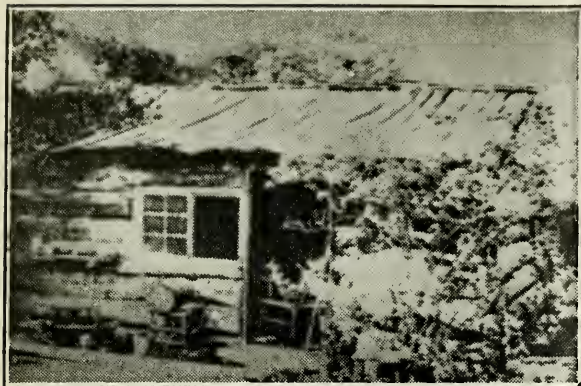
Grandpa and the children were delighted to be invited to go up in the roof. They went up in the balcony, passed through a small door on the south side, and found themselves in a little room which served as a landing for the stairs that arched up over the ceiling.

Phillip and Nancy started up the narrow stairs, holding tight to the railing. Phillip spoke breathlessly.

"It doesn't seem possible we are up above the ceiling! Look at Grandpa. He is six feet tall and still his head doesn't touch the roof. And look, Nancy, there are the wooden pegs and rawhide thongs holding the timber in place."

Nancy couldn't resist touching the rawhide that she had heard so much about.

"It feels as strong as steel," she said. Then she began to count the steps. "One, two, three, four—" It took fifty-nine to reach the level space which forms the span across the top of the ceiling and connects with the fifty-nine steps on the other side. As they came down they had an especially



First house built in Salt Lake City,
1847.

good view of the wooden pegs which were about eighteen inches long and had a wooden wedge driven in each end to hold them in place.

"A million and a half feet of lumber in the building," Grandpa told them.

After thanking those who had so kindly showed them the Tabernacle, Grandpa and the children went next to the Assembly Hall, which was built between 1877-1882, and has been in constant use for meetings ever since. Then past the inspiring Sea Gull Monument and into the Bureau of Information and Church Museum, which is the office of the Temple Square Mission, presided over by Joseph J. Cannon. One of the sixty Temple Square Missionaries or guides greeted them kindly and showed them through the building.

"We distribute tracts and Church literature to those who visit Temple Square, as well as conduct tours about the grounds. We find that the Book of Mormon is the second best seller among religious books in the world. Last year we had over five hundred thousand visitors who heard about the Gospel and the story of Mormonism," he explained. "Our Church Museum is valuable for preaching the Gospel also, as it contains many things connected with our history."

Grandpa and the children looked about with interest. There were the beautiful bell from the Nauvoo Temple, the watch worn by President John Taylor, which saved his life at the time the prophet was martyred,

and a big buffalo skull used on the plains as a mail box, where parties of pioneers left messages for others following them West or going East. The plough used to plough the first land in Salt Lake intrigued them, as did the big canoe hollowed out of an enormous tree with an ax. This was used by Kit Carson in his explorations.

Thanking the guide, Grandpa and the children left the Bureau and walked about the Temple Grounds, pausing to admire the splendid bronze statues of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, and the one in honour of the Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon. Then they came to the little old log cabin, the oldest house in Utah, which is now surrounded by an iron fence and protected by a pergola. From this site they had an impressive view of the Temple.

"There stands the building that was foretold by the Prophet Isaiah nearly three thousand years ago," said Grandpa. "The Mormons were living in log cabins like this cabin here, when they undertook the gigantic task of building the Temple, a task which took forty years to complete. Why did they do it? We Mormons know they did it because they believed the Gospel had been restored and they must do their part to help carry it forward. It was their part to fulfil Isaiah's prophecy, 'And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it'."

The Men of To-morrow.—Continued from page 135.

A Scotch minister had trouble with a good brother in his congregation who **would** go to sleep. The minister stood it as long as he could. Finally he called Sandy to him and told him he would have to stop going to sleep; he could not stand it any longer; that he was setting a bad example. The brother insisted he couldn't help it. Finally the minister's eyes brightened, and he thought he had some real inspiration. Said he: "When you come to Church next time, bring a little snuff in a can; and when you feel yourself getting drowsy, just apply a little bit of snuff in your nose."

Then his good church patron had some

inspiration and he came back with: "Wouldn't it be an awful good thing if you'd put a wee bit o' snuff into your sermons." **We'll have to put more snuff in our teaching of boys.**

Now I say these things seriously. We ourselves are in a deep slumber and we expect to keep awake a wiggling, wholesome boy. That is an **acid** test. What may be another acid test?—not putting the proper value on a boy. Do you look at the value of the heart that beats under his coat, or do you see only the outside of the coat? Many a good mother misjudges a boy because he is not a Lord Fauntleroy. Because he doesn't keep his hair combed, you think he is on the road downward. Sometimes you do not see him as he really is. He puts his worst foot forward; he is in the "ugly duckling" stage. But if he were treated anywhere near right, he would develop into a bird of real plumage and grace.

We in our civilization box the ears of the lad until his ear drums are numb and he is deaf the rest of his life, and that same fellow is the man who gives you your electric light to-day. We put a dunce cap on an Einstein, and our schools court martial the boy who may be the military general of to-morrow, who cuts through smoke and shrapnel to victory and makes this the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

With this boy, is our **vision stunted**, and do we **measure** him by our **narrow gauge**? Fathers and mothers, you make some mistakes. Teachers in schools, and we in the Church, should **see** a little **clearer** and **judge less harshly**.

You say, "I have had such a hard time in my life that I certainly won't let my children go through the same thing." And the spoiling process goes on. I do not think that we appreciate to the full extent what it means. Does your girl or boy know how to spell "gratitude"? Do you let your boy fight for what he gets, or do you hand him all his desires on a silver platter?

I remember at our home, for years and years, we had a cow. (I won't forget the cow because of certain responsibilities I had connected with it.) Every time a calf would come to town, father would in the course of events send at the proper time for the

butcher. But there was one little heifer that father said he would keep. When that animal was about nine months old, father came home one day with a big strap with spikes driven from the inside out. He said that it was to go over the calf's nose. In other words, the day had arrived when the calf must be weaned. I wonder sometimes if we parents use the same philosophy on our children? Do we wean them? I am speaking now figuratively. Many a boy becomes eighteen, or twenty, goes through school, and, if you please, remains not weaned. Many a boy is spoiled because you can't spank grandmothers. Yes, too, because you can't spank parents. Until the last few years, I have thought that the cow ought to have worn the strap and the spikes ought to centre in that part of her anatomy that the calf was most interested in. But I have changed my mind entirely; I think that as far as the children are concerned, the strap still belongs over their noses with the spikes going out. Parents should be painfully reminded when the occasion arises that the weaning is in process.

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still
It moved and yielded to my will.
I came again when days were past,
The bit of clay was hard at last;
The form I gave it still it bore
But I could change it never more.
I took a piece of human clay
And gently formed it day by day;
I moulded with my power and art
A young child's warm and yielding
heart.

I came again when days were gone,
It was a man I looked upon,
The form I gave him still he bore;
But I could change him never more.

Now, may the Lord bless us in this boys' business. Don't forget while we are putting the acid test and the burning test on this lad, tobacco shoots her shrapnel, drink drops bombs from the sky, and then you find indolence and bad habits walk arm in arm with the boy to destruction.

Let's handle this boy more scientifically. Let's give him more attention. **He is the man of to-morrow.**



"Cumorah's" Relief Society Variety Concert was a huge success. A cheque of more than £20 was given to the Britain's Bombed Cities Relief Fund. We compliment the Relief Society ladies and the assisting artists.

Branch President and Sister Robert J. Doller and their children, of Port Elizabeth, toured the Union during their vacation. "Cumorah" was happy to be their host for a week.

During the absence of President and Sister Folland from Cape Town during the month of August, Brother and Sister George C. Ganter and son Bruno, of the "Ramah" branch, made their home at "Cumorah."

Sister Edith Myers, of Cape Town, is visiting in Natal for her health.

A real interesting novelty party was conducted by Sister Jo Ann Folland, president of the Mowbray Mutual. It was a "Sea Going Party." Brother Ganter, Mission Mutual Supervisor, acted as Captain and Brother Arthur Gilbertson was Purser. The Ship motive was carried throughout and everyone present had an enjoyable time.

A week's vacation extraordinary was enjoyed at Kruger National Park by "Ramah" Branch President and Sister O. Layton Alldredge, "Liahona" Branch President and Sister Ariel T. Smith, Mission President and Sister Richard E. Folland, and Sisters Olga Hubert and Kay Evans, of Johannesburg. They saw an abundance of Lion and Elephant and had some exciting as well as interesting experiences. You should hear their stories—separately. Their moving pictures are worth seeing.

Sister Hilda Alldredge's Mutual girls had a very entertaining party at "Ramah."

The "Ramah" Branch Presidency is planning a "C.S.M. Carnival" for September the 19th. The proceeds to go to this magazine to assist in acquiring new cover blocks and to speed-up new subscriptions. The editor is very grateful for their thoughtfulness. We will continue to do our best to give you a worth-while magazine.

President Folland attended the Springs Service on Sunday evening, the 31st of August, in company with Brother Norman Muir, of the Transvaal District Presidency. In spite of illness and vacations there was a very good attendance.

Springs Branch President and Sister I. C. Louw and son Ronnie spent their vacation in Durban.

Brother and Sister Louis Duncan and daughter Jeranda have been transferred again. Port Elizabeth Branch will miss them and "Ramah" will make good use of them. We hope that Sister Duncan will never again go to sleep at the wheel.

A special service was held at Pretoria on the evening of the 7th of September. Mission President Folland, the Transvaal District Presidency, the "Ramah" Chorus and many other visitors attended.

President Folland visited Durban and Pietermaritzburg. A special service was held in Durban on the 14th of September.

We were very happy to have another of our "boys" from overseas make contact with us. Corporal D. A. Camm, of the Royal Air Force, is now stationed in Salisbury, Rhodesia. We hope that he will be able to visit us in the Union. Corporal Camm has promised to send the "C.S.M." an article. We look forward with anticipation to it.

Cape Town members and friends were very happy to welcome Lieut. Sam Ravner during the month. His wife and family have looked forward to this visit for some time.

Mission Relief Society President Josephine H. Folland visited the "Ramah," Springs and Pretoria Branch Relief Society before she returned to her duties in Cape Town.

We are happy to learn that Brother Able Seaman Vincent L. Swart, of the Mowbray Branch, visited with Elder Scott Whitaker in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., recently.

We have also heard that Elder Grant B. Shaw, former Associate Editor of the "C.S.M.," was about (now should be) married to his "true blue" pal Jessie. We wish them every happiness.

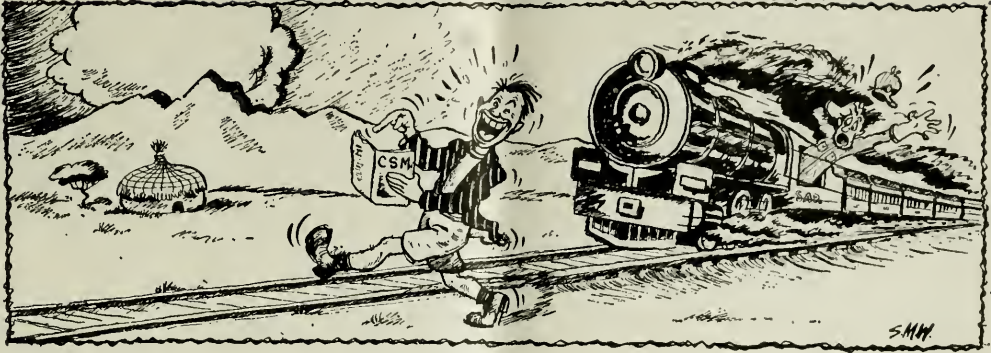
Sister Lily Clark, of Jagersfontein, is now a nurse at the Evelyn Nursing Home at East London.

We are also very happy to hear from our old friend and brother, Lance Jubber. He is safe and quite happy away up North with the fighting men.

Elders Marchant and Black, formally of this Mission, have advised us of their release. They sent us a card from the Tennessee Pass.

We regret that Brother Ted Lester, of the Durban Branch, is at the Springkell Sanatorium in Johannesburg. We pray that he may have hasty improvement.

"THE LAST LAUGH" BY GOLLY



Worth Trying Sometime.

"Dad," said Harvey Evans, "do you think they will ever find a substitute for petrol?"

"They have one now, son—shoe leather."

□ □

It Can't Fail.

Grace works at the Doll House where the staff is encouraged to think of ideas for the smoother running of the business.

One day she went into Brother Alldredge's office and announced that she had thought of a way of insuring that no one would be late in the future.

"That sounds good," said the managing director. "How do you propose to do it?"

"That's easy," said Grace. "The last employee in the office each morning blows the whistle."

□ □

Habit?

An invitation to dinner had been sent to a newly-settled physician, and in reply the hostess received a letter so hopelessly scrawled that she was unable to make out whether it was an acceptance or otherwise.

"Take it to the chemist," said her husband. "Chemists can always read doctors' writing, no matter how bad it is."

She did so. After looking at the letter a moment, the chemist went to the rear of his store. In five minutes he returned with a bottle.

"There you are, ma'am," he said, "that will be two and six."

□ □

Modesty.

Ariel Smith decided to contest one of his speed fines. In court the judge said, "Have you anything to say before I sentence you?"

Ariel said, "Nothing, your honour, except that it takes very little to please me."

□ □

Too True.

Arthur Gilbertson: "Now, Jackie, if Napoleon were still alive to-day, what do you think he would be doing?"

Jackie: "Drawing the old-age pension."

Very Practical.

Mr. Swart, Angel's husband, was complaining bitterly to his minister of the terribly bad weather for the crops when the latter reminded him that he had much to be grateful for all the same.

"And remember," said the minister, "Providence cares for all. Even the birds of the air are fed each day."

"Yes," replied Mr. Swart, "off my mealies."

□ □

A Different Story.

Sister Wilson: "Bobby, sit down and tell Shirley a story."

Bobby: "I can't sit down, mother. I just told daddy a story."

□ □

How About It?

Kay Evans to her Sunday School class: "Clarence, what parable do you like best?"

Clarence Muir: "The one about the multitude that loafs and fishes."

□ □

Try This On Your Piano.

Jo Ann offered her latest in the way of a puzzle to the assembly of guests at the "Sea Going Party":

"Can you name an animal that has eyes and cannot see; legs and cannot walk, but can jump as high as the new Post Office building?"

Everybody racked h's brains during a period of deep silence, and racked in vain. Finally, they gave it up and demanded the solution.

"The answer," she said, "is a wooden horse. It has eyes and cannot see, and legs and cannot walk."

"Yes," the company agreed. "But how does it jump as high as the new Post Office?"

"The New Post Office building," Jo Ann exclaimed, "can't jump."

□ □

Ignorance Is Bliss.

"Laite" Alldredge returned from business somewhat early. He did not find Hilda about, so called to the boy:

"Johannes, do you know anything of my wife's whereabouts?"

"No Master," Johannes answered, "Sure. I know nothin', but I'm thinking, it's likely they're in the wash."

IN MEMORIAM

Sister Johanna L. Ninow Hubert, of the "Ramah" Branch, passed to her rest on the morning of the 13th of September, 1941. This good woman has been a dependable, active member of the Church ever since her baptism on the 29th of December, 1907. She was the president of the Relief Society for many years. She is mourned by her many friends as well as the large family she so ably reared in co-operation with her husband, Brother Herman C. F. Hubert. Sister Hubert was born at Kingwilliamstown on the 9th of December, 1886. We extend our sincere sympathy to her husband and children.

MISSION PERSONNEL AND ADDRESSES

Mission President—

Richard E. Folland, "Cumorah," Main Road, Mowbray, C.P. Phone 6—3334.

Relief Society Supervisor and Women's Auxiliary Advisor—

Josephine H. Folland, "Cumorah," Main Road, Mowbray, C.P.

Primary Supervisor—

Johanna Fourie, "Blair Athol," Clifton Road, Mowbray, C.P. Phone 6—3074.

Genealogical Supervisor—

Madge Halse, "Marecourt," Main Road, Eerste River, C.P.

Sunday School Supervisor—

J. Goulden Evans, 14, Juno Street, Kensington, Tvl. Phone 24—3094.

Y.W.M.I.A. Supervisor—

Golda Evans, 14, Juno Street, Kensington, Johannesburg, Tvl. Phone 24—3094.

Y.M.M.I.A. Supervisor—

George C. Ganter, 187, Kitchener Avenue, Kensington, Johannesburg, Tvl. Phone 251648.

CAPE DISTRICT:

Mowbray Branch: "Cumorah," Main Road. Thomas Wilson, President, "St. George's Villa," Forrest Road. Rondebosch. Phone 6—4459.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.00 p.m. Sunday School, 10.30 a.m., "Deseret," Rhodes Avenue, Woodstock.

Northern Suburbs Branch: Leslie Halse, Acting President, "Marecourt," Main Road, Eerste River.

SERVICES: Sunday School, 10.0 a.m., "Marecourt," Eerste River.

Sunday School, 10.0 a.m., and 7.0 p.m., 19, Saldanha Road, Epping Garden Village.

TRANVAAL DISTRICT:

O. Layton Alldredge, President, "Ute Wigwam," Friedland Avenue, Cyrildene, Johannesburg. Phone 43—4931.

Ramah Branch: 295, Commissioner Street, Johannesburg. O. Layton Alldredge, President. Phone 25—2113.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

Liahona Branch: Ariel T. Smith, President, 61, Victoria St., Rosettenville, Johannesburg. Phone 32—4461.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m., Kenilwerth Hall, Fraser Street, and 7.30 p.m., 20, Petunia Street, Rosettenville.

Springs Branch: Tiffnell Studios, 2nd Avenue, Springs. I. C. Louw, President, 96, Sixth Avenue, Geduld, Springs. Phone 56—3063.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

North-Western Branch: William H. Brummer, President, 37, Alberts Road, Newlands, Johannesburg. Phone 35—9464.

Pretoria Branch: Poynton's Building, 173b, Church Street, West. Irene Lane, Supervisor, 101, Esselen Street, Sunnyside.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

NATAL DISTRICT:

Durban Branch: 7, Buchanan Building, West and Russel Streets. John Moore, President, 11, Carters Avenue.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m.

EASTERN PROVINCE DISTRICT:

Port Elizabeth Branch: Foresters' Hall, Palm Street. Robert J. Doller, President, 3a, Armstrong Street.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

East London Branch: B. A. T. Jubber, President, 5, Nahoon View Road.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m., 97, Vincent Road, Vincent.

BLOEMFONTEIN BRANCH:

C. B. Spear, President, 10, Gordon Street. (P.O. Box 50.)